THE CAMPAIGN: A POEM,

To His GRACE the

Duke of *MARLBOROUGH.*

By Mr. *ADDISON.*

——*Rheni pacator & Istri.*
Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Omnium effusa lætitia est & gratis cogitationibus & sermonibus revocata.

Esse aliquam in terris Gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac perilo bella gerat pro Libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, & ubiq; jus, fas, lex potentissima sint.
Liv. Hist. Lib. 33.

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THE CAMPAIGN: A POEM, &c.

WHile Crouds of Princes Your Deserts proclaim,
Proud in their Number to enroll Your Name;
While Emperors to You commit their Cause,
And *ANNA*'s Praises crown the vast Applause;
Accept, Great Leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious Verse attempts Your Fights,
Fir'd and transported with a Theme so new:
Ten Thousand Wonders op'ning to my View,
Shine forth at once, Sieges and Storms appear,
And Wars and Conquests fill th' Important Year;
Rivers of Blood I see, and Hills of Slain,
An Iliad rising out of One Compaign.

The Haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,
His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side;
Pirene's lofty Barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide Empire stood;
Ausonia's States, the Victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their *Alps* and *Appenines* in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of Rocks immur'd,
Behind their Everlasting Hills secur'd;
The rising *Danube* its long Race began,
And half its Course through the new Conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,
Germania trembled through a Hundred States;

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Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with Fear,
He gaz'd around, but saw no Succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Despair
His Hopes on Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.

To *Britain*'s QUEEN the Nations turn their Eyes,
On Her Resolves the Western World relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire Alarms,
In *ANNA*'s Councils, and in *CHURCHILL*'s Arms:
Thrice Happy *BRITAIN*, from the Kingdoms rent,
To sit the Guardian of the Continent!
That sees her Bravest Son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her Prince's Eye;
Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's sport,
Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court;
On the firm Basis of Desert they rise,
From long try'd Faith, and Friendship's Holy Ties:
Their Sov'raign's well-distinguish'd Smiles they share,
Her Ornaments in Peace, her Strength in War,
The Nation thanks them with a Publick Voice,
By Show'rs of Blessings Heav'n approves their Choice;
Envy it self is dumb, in Wonder lost,
And Factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky
Britannia's Colours in the Zephyrs fly;
Her Chief already has his March begun,
Crossing the Provinces Himself had won,
Till the *Mosell* appearing from afar
Retards the Progress of the Moving War:
Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her fall
In distant Climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
But now a Purchase to the Sword she lyes,
Her Harvests for uncertain Owners rise,
Each Vineyard doubtful of its Master grows,
And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows:
The discontented Shades of slaughter'd Hosts
That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghosts

Hop'd,

Hop'd, when they saw *Britannia's* Arms appear,
The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.

Our God-like Leader, e'er the Stream he past,
The mighty Scheme of all his Labours cast,
Forming his Wond'rous Year within his Thought;
His Bosom glow'd with Battles yet unfought:
The long laborious March he first surveys,
And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,
Between whose Floods such pathless Forests grow,
Such Mountains rise, so many Rivers flow:
The Toil looks lovely in the Heroes Eyes,
And Danger serves but to enhance the Prize.

Big with the Fate of *Europe* he renews
His dreadful Course, and the proud Foe pursues:
Infected by the burning Scorpion's Heat,
The sultry Gales round his chaf'd Temples beat,
'Till on the Borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defensive Shadows, and refreshing Winds:
Our *British* Youth, with in-born Freedom bold,
Unnumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,
Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their Toil,
To prize their QUEEN, and love their Native Soil.

Still to the rising Sun they take their Way
Through Clouds of Dust, and gain upon the Day:
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly Coast
With cooling Streams revives the fainting Host,
That chearfully its Labours past forgets,
The Mid-night Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.

O'er prostrate Towns and Palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass)
Breathing Revenge; whilst Anger and Disdain
Fire ev'ry Breast, and boil in ev'ry Vein:

Here ſhatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War;
Whilſt here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal Great *Bourbon*'s Crimes.

At length the Fame of *England*'s Heroe drew
Eugenio to the glorious Interview;
Great Souls by Inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in Friendſhip burn;
A ſudden Friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd out Rays
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze.
Poliſh'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,
Renown'd for Conqueſt, and in Council skill'd;
Their Courage dwells not in a troubl'd Flood
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by Reaſon, and by Reaſon cool'd;
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
And only in the Field of Battle ſhown:
To Souls like theſe, in mutual Friendſhip join'd,
Heav'n dares entruſt the Cauſe of Human kind.

Britannia's graceful Sons appear in Arms,
Her Harraſs'd Troops the Heroes Preſence warms,
Whilſt the high Hills and Rivers all around
With thund'ring Peals of *Britiſh* Shouts reſound:
Doubling their Speed they March with freſh Delight,
Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.
So the ſtanch Hound the trembling Deer purſues,
And ſmells his Footſteps in the tainted Dews,
The tedious Track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,
Fir'd at the near Approach, he ſhoots away
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

The March concludes, the various Realms are paſt,
Th' Immortal *Schellenberg* appears at laſt:

Like

Like Hills th'aſpiring Ramparts riſe on high,
Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lye;
Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Paſs,
Threat'ning Deſtruction; Rows of hollow Braſs;
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,
Whilſt in their Wombs Ten Thouſand Thunders ſleep:
Great *CHURCHILL* owns, charm'd with the glorious Sight,
His March o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd Fight.

The Weſtern Sun now ſhot a feeble Ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the Remains of Day;
Ev'ning approach'd, but oh what Hoſts of Foes
Were never to behold that Ev'ning cloſe!
Thickning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
The cloſe compacted *Britons* win their Way:
In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd
With Tracks of Death, and laid the Battle waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the Fight, they broke
Through Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke;
'Till ſlaughter'd Legions fill'd the Trench below,
And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

High on the Works the mingling Hoſts engage,
The Battle kindled into Tenfold Rage
With Show'rs of Bullets and with Storms of Fire
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire;
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt, in one promiſcuous Carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their Doom,
New to the Field, and Heroes in the Bloom!
Th'Illuſtrious Youths, that left their Native Shore
To March where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O Fatal Love of Fame! O Glorious Heat
Only Deſtructive to the Brave and Great!)
After ſuch Toils o'ercome, ſuch Dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* Ramparts, breathe their laſt.

But hold, my Muse, may no Complaints appear,
Nor blot the Day with an ungrateful Tear:
While *MARLBRO'* lives, *Britannia*'s Stars dispense
A friendly Light, and shine in Innocence.
Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Steed
Where e'er his Friends retire, or Foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden Flight,
And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.

Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms, forbear
To brave the thickest Terrors of the War;
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crouds of Foes,
Britannia's Safety, and the World's Repose;
Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate
This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate:
Thou liv'st not for thy self; thy QUEEN demands
Conquest and Peace from thy Victorious Hands;
Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune join,
And *Europe*'s Destiny depends on Thine.

At length the long-disputed Pass they gain,
By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain;
The War breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And see their Camp with *British* Legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* Mounds bear on their shatter'd Sides
The Sea's whole weight, encreas'd with swelling Tides;
But if the rushing Wave a Passage finds,
Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds,
The trembling Peasant sees his Country round
Cover'd with Tempests, and in Oceans drown'd.

The few surviving Foes dispers'd in Flight,
(Refuse of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)
In every rustling Wind the Victor hear,
And *MARLBRO*'s Form in ev'ry Shadow fear,
'Till the dark Cope of Night with kind Embrace
Befriends the Rout, and covers their Disgrace.

To *Donnawert*, with unresisted Force,
The gay Victorious Army bends its Course;
The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields,
Whatever Spoils *Bavaria*'s Summer yields,
(The *Danube*'s great Increase) *Britannia* shares,
The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars:
With Magazines of Death, destructive Balls,
And Cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s Walls;
The Victor finds each hidden Cavern stor'd,
And turns their Fury on their Guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy Greatness croſt,
And all the gaudy Dream of Empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd Throne,
And made Imaginary Realms thy own!
Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall shortly seek for Shelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with Alarms,
Thou hop'est th' Assistance of the *Gallic* Arms;
The *Gallic* Arms in Safety shall advance,
And croud thy Standards with the Pow'r of *France*,
While to console thy Doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*
Shares thy Destruction, and adorns thy Fall.

Unbounded Courage and Compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,
Alternately proclaim him Good and Great,
And make the Heroe and the Man compleat.
Long did he strive th' obdurate Foe to gain
By proffer'd Grace, but long he strove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length, he thinks in vain to spare
His rising Wrath, and gives a Loose to War.
In Vengeance rous'd, the Soldier fills his Hand
With Sword and Fire, and ravages the Land;
A Thousand Villages to Ashes turns,
In crackling Flames a Thousand Harvests burns;
To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat;

Their

Their trembling Lords the common Shade partake,
And Cries of Infants sound in ev'ry Brake:
The list'ning Soldier fix'd in Sorrow stands,
Loth to Obey his Leader's just Commands;
The Leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity sway'd,
To see his just Commands so well obey'd.

But now the Trumpet terrible from far
In shriller Clangors animates the War;
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Consort beat,
And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud Standards, to *Bavaria*'s join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the Wind;
The daring Prince his blasted Hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled Host he views
Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful Length,
His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.

The fatal Day its mighty Course began,
That the griev'd World had long desir'd in vain:
States that their New Captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,
Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,
And Prayers in Bitterness of Soul preferr'd;
Europe's loud Cries, that Providence assail'd,
And *ANNA*'s Ardent Vows at length prevail'd;
The Day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His Care and Conduct of the World below.

Behold in awful March and dread Array,
The long Extended Squadrons shape their Way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious Horror to the Bravest Hearts;
Yet do their beating Breasts demand the Strife,
And Thirst of Glory quells the Love of Life;
No vulgar Fears can *British* Minds controul,
Heat of Revenge, and Noble Pride of Soul

O'er-

O'er-look the Foe, Advantag'd by his Poſt,
Leſſen his Numbers, and Contract his Hoſt:
Tho' Fens and Floods poſſeſt the middle Space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs;
Nor Fens nor Floods can ſtop *Britannia*'s Bands,
When Her proud Foe rang'd on their Borders ſtands.

But O, my Muſe, what Numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious Troops in Battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the Drum's tumultuous Sound
The Victor's Shouts, and Dying Groans confound,
The dreadful Burſt of Cannon rend the Skies,
And all the Thunder of the Battle riſe.
'Twas then Great *MARLBRO*'s mighty Soul was prov'd,
That, in the Shock of Charging Hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt Confuſion, Horror, and Deſpair,
Examin'd all the Dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought, the Field of Death ſurvey'd,
To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
So when an Angel, by Divine Command,
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.

But ſee the haughty Houſhold-Troops advance!
The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*.
The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conqueſt glows;
Proudly He Marches on, and void of Fear,
Laughs at the ſhaking of the *Britiſh* Spear:
Vain Inſolence! with Native Freedom brave,
The meaneſt *Briton* ſcorns the higheſt Slave:
Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns;

Each

Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day,
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:
A Thousand glorious Actions, that might claim
Triumphant Laurels, and Immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lye,
And Troops of Heroes undistinguish'd die.
O *Dormer!* how can I behold thy Fate,
And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate!
How can I see the Gay, the Brave, the Young,
Fall in the Cloud of War, and lye unsung!
In Joys of Conquest he resigns his Breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s Glory, smiles in Death.

The Rout begins, the *Gallic* Squadrons run,
Compell'd in Crouds to meet the Fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery Steeds with Wounds transfix'd,
Floating in Gore, with their dead Masters mix'd,
'Midst Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,
Lye in the *Danube*'s bloody Whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold Youths, born on the distant *Soan*,
Or sounding Borders of the Rapid *Rhone*;
Or where the *Sein* her flow'ry Fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding Vineyards glides;
In Heaps the Rolling Billows sweep away,
And into *Scythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey.
From *Bleinheim*'s Tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild Affright,
Beholds the various Havock of the Fight;
His waving Banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood;
So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,
And rise Triumphant in the Fatal Breach,
Or pierce the broken Foe's remotest Lines,
The hardy Veteran with Tears resigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard!* Oh who can name
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,
That with mix'd Tumult in thy Bosom swell'd!
When first thou saw'st thy Bravest Troops repell'd,

Thine

Thine Only Son pierc'd with a Deadly Wound,
Choak'd in his Blood, and gasping on the Ground,
Thy self in Bondage by the Victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
And in th' unhappy Man forgets the Foe.
Greatly Distress'd! thy loud Complaints forbear,
Blame not the Turns of Fate, and Chance of War;
Give thy Brave Foes their Due, nor blush to own,
The fatal Field by such great Leaders won,
The Field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the Second Honours of the Day.

With Floods of Gore that from the Vanquish'd fell,
The Marshes stagnate, and the Rivers swell.
Mountains of Slain lye heap'd upon the Ground,
Or 'midst the Roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;
Whole Captive Hosts the Conqueror detains
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the Fetters and the Sword,
Nor seek the Fortunes of a happier Lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat
MARLBRO's Great Work, and finish the Defeat.

From *Memminghen*'s high Domes, and *Ausburgh*'s Walls,
The distant Battle drives th' insulting *Gauls*;
Free'd by the Terror of the Victor's Name,
The rescu'd States his great Protection claim;
Whilst *Ulme* th' Approach of her Deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious Gates.

The Heroe's Breast still swells with great Designs,
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius shines:
If to the Foe his dreadful Course he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his March extends;
If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an Army storm'd:
If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,
The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.

What

What distant Land, what Region can afford
An Action worthy his Victorious Sword?
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the Series of his Toils compleat?

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its Force,
Divides the Hostile Nations in its Course,
While Each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the River flows;
On *Gallia*'s Side a mighty Bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended Plain commands:
Twice, since the War was kindled, has it try'd
The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side:
As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'er-joy'd,
Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs;
Hence future Triumphs from the War expects:
And, tho' the Dog-star had its Course begun,
Carries his Arms still nearer to the Sun.
Fix'd on the glorious Action, he forgets
The Change of Seasons, and Increase of Heats.
No Toils are painful that can Danger show;
No Climes unlovely that contain a Foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own Bounds restrain'd,
Learns to Encamp within his Native Land;
But soon as the Victorious Host he spies,
From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies:
Such dire Impressions in his Heart remain
Of *MARLBRO*'s Sword, and *HOCKSTET*'s fatal Plain.
In vain *Britannia*'s mighty Chief besets
Their shady Coverts, and obscure Retreats:
They fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,
That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.

Austria's Young Monarch, whose Imperial Sway
Scepters and Thrones are destin'd to obey;

Whose

Whose boasted Ancestry so high extends,
That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends;
Comes from afar, in Gratitude to own
The great Supporter of his Father's Throne:
What Tides of Glory to his Bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?
How were his Eyes with pleasing Wonder fixt
To see such Fire with so much Sweetness mixt!
Such easie Greatness, such a graceful Port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the Camp or Court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,
And *Nireus* shone but in the second Place:
Thus the great Father of Almighty *Rome*,
Divinely flusht with an Immortal Bloom,
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant Breath bestow'd,
In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd.

The Royal Youth, by *MARLBRO*'s Presence charm'd;
Taught by his Counsels, by his Actions warm'd;
On *Landau* with re-doubl'd Fury falls,
Discharges all his Thunder on its Walls;
O'er Mines and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,
And learns to Conquer in the Heroe's sight.

The *British* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd;
Increas'd in Titles, and with Conquests crown'd;
To *Belgian* Coasts his tedious March renews,
And the long Windings of the *Rhine* pursues;
Clearing its Borders from Usurping Foes,
And blest by rescu'd Nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire Alarms,
And *Traerbach* feels the Terror of his Arms;
Seated on Rocks, her proud Foundations shake,
While *MARLBRO* presses to the bold Attack;
Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon roar,
And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.

Scar'd

Scar'd at his near Approach, Great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining Years;
Forgets his Thirst of Universal Sway,
And scarce can teach his Subjects to Obey:
His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd,
Th' Ambitious Projects for his Race destroy'd;
The Work of Ages sunk in One Campaign,
And Lives of Millions Sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' Effects of *ANNA*'s Royal Cares:
By Her, *Britannia*, great in Foreign Wars,
Ranges through Nations, whereso'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted Aid of Sea and Wind.
By Her th' unfetter'd *Ister*'s States are free,
And taste the Sweets of *English* Liberty.
But who can tell the Joys of those that lye
Beneath the constant Influence of Her Eye!
Whilst in diffusive Show'rs Her Bounties fall,
Like Heav'ns Indulgence, and descend on All;
Secure the Happy, Succour the Distrest,
Make ev'ry Subject Glad, and a whole People Blest.

Thus would I fain *Britannia*'s Wars rehearse,
In the smooth Records of a faithful Verse;
That, if such Numbers can o'er Time prevail,
May tell Posterity the wond'rous Tale.
When Actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries must be taught to speak:
Gods may descend in Factions from the Skies,
And Rivers from their Oozy Beds arise:
Fiction may deck the Truth with spurious Rays,
And round the Heroe cast a borrow'd Blaze.
MARLBRO's Exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own Native Light:
Rais'd of themselves, their genuin Charms they boast;
And those who Paint 'em truest, Praise 'em most.

FINIS.